

Taylor (E. R.)

STANZAS

WRITTEN FOR THE

SACRAMENTO

Society for Medical Improvement,

AND ADDRESSED TO

THOMAS M. LOGAN, M. D.

President of the American Medical Association; late President of the State Medical Society of California; Permanent Secretary of the California State Board of Health; Secretary of the Sacramento City Board of Health; Meteorologist of the State Agricultural Society of California; Member of the Sacramento Society for Medical Improvement; Corresponding Member of the California Academy of Natural Sciences; Corresponding Member of the Gynæcological Society of Boston; Honorary Member of the New Hampshire State Medical Society; Emeritus Professor of Hygiene in the Willamette University of Oregon; Honorary Member of the Imperial Medical Society of Austria; Honorary Member of the Imperial Botanical and Zoological Society of Vienna; *Membre adherent* of the International Medical Congress of Paris, etc., etc., etc.

BY EDWARD R. TAYLOR, M. D.

Late of Sacramento.

Read before the Sacramento Society for Medical Improvement. on the 20th of August, 1872,
and ordered for publication.

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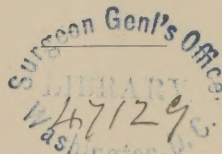
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If any line is herein writ
An honest critic could condemn,
I but reply, 'twas writ for them
Whose love supplies my lack of wit.

I.

DEAR friend and Doctor LOGAN, when a
Wild gamin of South Caroliny,
You little dreamed that in Vienna,
So far away across the briny,
The Medical Association
Of Austria's scientific nation
Would reach its hand to California,
With greenest laurels to adorn you ;
Or their Verein Imperial-
Botanic-Zoological
Would make you its relation ;

II.

OR that your brethren of our nation
Should choose you for their honored leader;
Or California give you station
To be her hygienic pleader;
Or that the land, where babes inherit
Web feet, should make you an Emerit-
Us (good heavens, what's that?) Professor;
Or that the Granite State should bless her
Good stars and garters that your name
Makes one upon her roll of fame;—
I wonder you can bear it.

III.

COULD SCOTIA hear my numbers telling
The proud successes of the laddie
Within whose veins her blood is welling,*
How she would wave her bonnie plaidie,
To feel that here, her sons and science
Are bound in close and deep alliance !
O, wonder-land with glories teeming
Beyond the poet's rhyme or dreaming !
Old Johnson jeered her lack of trees,
But she has better far than these :
Immortal mental-giants !

* It may not be considered out of place to state, as a matter of interesting personal history, that the Doctor derives his Scotch descent from the once powerful Barons of Restalrig, whose domains were forfeited in the reign of James the VI, for a supposed connection of the last Baron with the Gowrie conspiracy. The family coat of arms, consisting as it does, of a heart pierced by three Knight's lances and surmounted by a helmet, derives its significance from the fact that Sir Robert Logan was one of the train who accompanied Douglas in his futile attempt to carry the heart of Bruce to the Holy Land, in accordance with the King's dying request. Bruce's heart, if I am not mistaken, finally found a resting place in Melrose Abbey.

Robertson's Scotland gives an interesting account of the Gowrie conspiracy and of the connection of Logan of Restalrig with it.

IV.

'TIS well that nature's over handy
In way of needful adaptation—
I should say God—(See Tristram Shandy;
The proverb fits your situation)—
Or I might be, instead of merry,
Inditing your obituary—
(Which, should I undertake it ever,
I promise shall be dev'lish clever);
But rest content, you will not fall
Beneath your weighty burden, al-
Though it may make you weary.

V.

THE present would be fit occasion—
 (But that my verse would never answer)—
To dwell with swelling jubilation
 On Berkeley's famed prophetic stanza;
For e'en the bishop's intuition
Could not have cast its wondrous vision
Along the aisle of coming ages,
And seen our Occidental pages,
Where science' spirit brightly glows,
And on the Orient bestows
 Illumination's mission.

VI.

OF course, the old Association
Of Sacramento—Ah, God bless it!
Is proudly swelling with elation—
A pride most just I do confess it—
That one of them should be so chosen
To titled honors by the dozen,
And that, that one should be their LOGAN,
Whose name has been a constant slogan
To lead them on to glorious deeds
Of meliorating human needs,
And making man their cousin.

VII.

CAN I forget those brilliant hours
So rich with wine and erudition,
When each put forth his strongest powers
As doctor, wit or rhetorician?
When all with purest emulation
Engaged in fervid disputation ;
When HATCH outspread his mental table
With every dish from light to stable ;
When wisdom flowed from OATMAN'S tongue,
And SIMMONS' bell-like accents swung
In sweetest modulation ;

VIII.

WHEN TYRRELL's lively humor lightened
Each passing cloud of seeming dulness,
While WYTHE, CLUNESS and TRAFTON brightened
Whate'er they touched with learnings's fulness;
When HARKNESS shed his microscopic
Developments on every topic,
Until we knew not which t' admire
The most, the man or magnifier;
When CURTIS every path would try
Of exploration through the eye,
With guide ophthalmoscopic;

IX.

WHEN NICHOLS doffed his robes of office,
To play again the part of doctor
With all the ardor of a novice ;
When NIXON thundered like a proctor
'Gainst theoretical abstractions ;
When outraged Ethics' sweet attractions
Were by MONTGOMERY lingered over,
Till all grew more and more to love her ;
While NELSON'S, WHITE'S and MURPHY'S skill,
And HASWELL'S, every heart would thrill
With valued benefactions.

X.

BUT when to science wine succeeded—
(Though HASWELL always took cold water,
And in his papers ever pleaded

For abstinence, but never thought to
Convince his hearers)—ah, what glories
As fast and faster flew the stories!
When every spirit felt infected,
And e'en MONTGOMERY be detected
In vain attempt his laugh to foil,
As laden with the richest spoil
Wit's billows rolled before us.

XI.

O, GLORIOUS hours of mental pleasure,
How purely, brilliantly ye colored
The days ago! And he who says your
Champagne was vicious, is a dullard—
At least, his knowledge is not virile
Upon this point as that of TYRRELL;
And much I doubt if even HASWELL
Would think we could have managed as well
With water only—gracious! I've forgot
You Doctor LOGAN, and my thought
Has frolicked like a squirrel.

XII.

SO thick the honors 'round you cluster,
So blazoned o'er with titles are you,
My muse can conjure up no lustre
With which in justice to compare you ;
Were my discordant, tuneless lyre
But warmed with true poetic fire,
You'd live fore'er in panegyric ;
But I am but a poor empiric,
Who cannot hope to see his rhyme
Float safely down the stream of Time,
And join the deathless choir.

XIII.

YOUR laurels, once Pacific solely,
Now stretch across the broad Atlantic,
Until to recollect them wholly
Would drive a sane man nearly frantic ;
So many blazons now befall you,
So many different things they call you,
That one scarce knows how to address you,
Although I rather half-way guess you
Have hearty preference for the same
Old time-worn, honored Doctor's name,
Whose duties still enthrall you.

XIV.

WELL, President or Secretary,
Emeritus or Meteorolo-

Gist, or names till one is weary,

For names are meaningless and hollow,

You have not won without deserving,

But through a course that knew no swerving—

A course bedewed with sweat of duty,

Nor ever choked with pleasure's booty ;

And all the while with lofty aim—

Nor breathless panting after fame—

The cause of Med'cine serving.

XV.

AND so, without a shade of turning,
These many years of brainful labor,
You've plodded on, with ardor burning
 To knowledge cast before your neighbor ;
And as he comes in recognition,
To consummate your life's ambition,
Justicia approbates his action,
But therein sees no benefaction,
For you have doubly earned his meed,
And are so strong you do not need
 His title's vain addition.

XVI.

BUT still, perhaps, 'tis not unpleasant
To have a tail of titles to one's
Name, though I rather think, at present,
Among the thousands there are few ones
Who do their badge of honor credit ;
And now that I have rashly said it,
I might deal out denunciation
Against such wholesale decoration ;
But this is foreign to my verse,
And you, at least, have mental purse
Whose contents men accredit.

XVII.

FOR he who never halts or pauses,
But still keeps e'er and e'er pursuing
The ways of nature and their causes,
In hope by close and closer viewing
To send his mental vision through 'em ;
Who, though rebuffed, yet hastes to woo 'em
With all the fondness of a lover ;
Who cares for naught but to discover,
Is one like you yourself for whom
The fairest flowers of science bloom,
And earth is glad to know him.

XVIII.

'TIS they who bring to light the forces
Concealed in what we know as matter,
And mark the distances and courses
Their lines pursue ; who ceaseless batter
Against the walls of superstition ;
Who burn but with the one ambition
To find the truth and lead men to it,
Where they delightedly may view it ;
Who thread the labyrinthine mine
Of Past and Present, and divine
The Future's full fruition.

XIX.

'TIS they alone who live forever :

Indeed, 'tis true, the names of many
The gold-enamoured world may never
Care more for than for spurious penny ;
But though their earthly appellations
May ne'er be sounded by the nations ;
Though sculpture's monumental finger
May never make the loiterer linger,
As pompously it points below
To where their crumbling bodies glow
With glory's consummations ;

XX.

YET shall they vivify the ages,
And live, embalmed in their Ideas,
When Time has closed his hoary pages ;
For Thought can never die ; 'tis free as
Eternity ; its emanations
Keep forceful life within creation's
Illimitably vast expanses ;
Its piercing, truth-revealing glances
Entrance the soul with deathless bliss,
And lead to every truth that is
At God-appointed stations.

XXI.

OH! do not deem these halting verses
Are born of idle commendation;
For I have that within which nurses,*
For you and your Association,
An inextinguishable feeling,
That scorns affected, false concealing.—
As in the past, cling close together
In every stress of wind and weather,
And prove what marvels can be done
By brethren, when they work as one
For science's revealing.

* "But I have that within which passeth show."—*Hamlet*.

XXII.

AND now Hygeia bends from Heaven
To wreath your brow with fadeless myrtle,
And fervent prays it may be given
To make her fields still yet more fertile ;
That man may breathe there, sweet retrieving,
And have his health but for believing ;—
That come the time when earth's diseases
Shall pliant be as doctor pleases,
And when Prevention's potent art
Shall play a mightier, grander part
Than we are now conceiving.

